

My Dragon Brother

by AtkiakFF

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Adventure, Friendship

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup, Toothless

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-08-17 17:05:54

Updated: 2014-08-22 20:13:02

Packaged: 2016-04-26 20:35:38

Rating: T

Chapters: 6

Words: 7,688

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: A teenage viking decides to run off in the wild, away from his village. He couldn't stand the closed minded vikings any longer. He saves an injured dragon child in the forest. Little did they know that long adventures awaited them. Rated T, just in case. Hiccup and Toothless in an AU. No updates until 31/08

1. Prologue

****AN**:** Hey guys this is a story I've been thinking of for a while. I finally found the motivation to write it.

Big thanks to Constantinus for beta-ing!

I hope you'll enjoy it!

* * *

><p>The sun began to set over the mountains on the west side of the island. The last rays of light reflected in the clouds, which were a color between violet and red. Pine trees bent in the wind of spring. The breeze carried their smell to me, and brushed against my hair. I could hear gulls in the distance. The area seemed to fulfill all the conditions for an ideal place to settle.<p>

"This place is perfect." I breathed, looking at the twilight sky. I then turned to the woodland and left the natural dirt path.

There was a slope at the edge of the forest that seemed to reach a lower clearing. During the descent, the sound of a stream of water could be heard. I jumped from the last stone and landed on the floor littered with leaves. I started walking toward the noise source while spanning the roots and avoiding low branches. The forest was dense and dark, but as I moved closer to the water stream the moonlight pierced through the leaves. I could hear crickets chirping and frogs croaking. I found a small creek but the noise didn't come from it, so

I followed it.

* * *

><p>(Moments later)<p>

The source of the noise was actually a waterfall that flowed into a pond in the middle of a cove. I walked around trying to find an entrance. I finally found a narrow passage that led down into the ravine. The sides were covered with vines and small lianas.

I looked around at the bottom carefully, to avoid disturbing dragons, especially during this time of the year. There was nothing in the cove, except a few fish in the pond. Night had fallen and it was getting cold. There were a few trees here, which would help me making a fire. First I started by making a circle with some stones that I found in the pond, then I piled kindling and fallen twigs in the ring. I only picked up very dry wood so it would ignite easily. I looked in my bag to see if it contained any sharp object.

"A dagger? No it doesn't cut wood right." I said, setting it aside. I kept looking and I found the perfect tool. "A handsaw? I completely forgot I brought one!" I smiled.

I began to saw a big tree branch and despite the fatigue, I cut it in no time. Everything was ready, the final step was a little harder : light the fire.

>I took a stick and quickly rubbed it against the dry wood. White smoke started to emerge. Within minutes the fire was lit. I leaned against a moss-covered rock and let the flames warm me. I shivered when a wave of heat struck me. I felt much better.<p>

The beauty of the cove and the calm atmosphere made me think of my village, filled with noisy and dirty Vikings, thinking only of violence, war, pillage and killing dragons.

* * *

><p>-Flashback-<p>

At dawn, I got up, took a large bag my father used for "Searching the Nest" quests and filled it with some clothes. I slowly opened the door so it wouldn't creak and tiptoed down the stairs. I could hear my father snoring loudly. I walked into the pantry, grabbed some food supplies and stuffed them in the bag. I took a dagger from the kitchen table and left the house. I went to the blacksmith shop, discreetly avoiding the night patrol. There, I took some important tools for survival, as well as paper and coal. I was ready to leave this accursed place, but before my departure I had to do something very important. I dropped off a letter of farewell to the only person who appreciated my presence, the elder of the village.

* * *

><p>Eidna,

**We both knew this day would come. I am leaving Helgg and will probably never come back. Thank you for everything you've taught
****and showed me****;****you ****are like a mother to
me.**

****Farewell,****

****Aslak.****

*** * ***

><p>-End of Flashback-<p>

*** * ***

><p>It had been three days since my departure, and I already missed Eidna very much.<p>

The only sounds were the crackling embers and the waterfall. I had to stop thinking of the village so much. I couldn't wait to explore the surroundings, but I was too tired.

I lay on the moss and closed my eyes. I was starting to fall asleep when an ear-splitting shriek echoed. I got up instantly and looked around me. The cry came from the forest. Whatever that was, it was suffering horribly. That meant that dangerous animals were prowling and I was in danger. I took a metal tip from my bag and sank it into the top of a stick I had set aside.

"This spear is much less well made than those at the village, but it will protect me,_" I considered.

I took another stick and plunged the top in some of the oil I took from the forge before putting it in the fire.

"Now that I have a torch and a weapon, I can go see what the hell happened there," I said to myself.

*** * ***

><p>(Moments later)<p>

I could hear growls, whimpers and footsteps of an animal running. I identified the running animal as a wolf. I then heard a huge thud and another animal screeching in pain. It was the same noise as the one that woke me up. I walked silently towards them.

I could see a black shape laying on the ground with a white shape standing in front of it. I lifted my torch higher and I was right, a huge wolf was standing there. I clumsily stepped on a stick and it cracked loudly.

The wolf turned his head violently and glared at me. His white fur was covered in blood, but he wasn't wounded. I took a step back as the wolf walked towards me, baring its sharp teeth. I froze as it crouched down and prepared to attack. He jumped and everything seemed to be in slow motion. But my instincts kicked in and at the moment it reached me I protected myself with the spear. The force of the impact knocked me to the ground. I closed my eyes as a shriek of pain resounded.

I slowly opened my eyelids after a few seconds. The sight was gruesome : the wolf was pierced by the spear and one of his hind leg was twitching. My pants and shirt were covered in blood. I pushed the

wolf away from me and got back up.

"Great. This doesn't wash out,_" I said sarcastically and disgusted.

I was about to leave until I heard small whines. I turned around, there were coming from the black creature. I picked up the torch on the ground and moved towards it. It was a scaly creature as black as the night and as big as a very large dog. I was one meter away and as I looked closely I realized it had folded wings and a tail curled against its side, where a deep gash bled. A small puddle of blood glistened next to it. It was shaking in fear and had plates pressed against its head.

It was unlike any dragon I've ever seen. It was too small to be a Monstrous Nightmare, the surface was sleek unlike a Gronkle, the tail was long and had two pairs of fins so it couldn't be a Nadder and finally it had only one head. But that black color intrigued me the most. I pondered for a moment about it, but then I realized :

"Night Fury."

Suddenly I felt a burning sensation on my chest and the rock on my necklace was glowing blue.

The plates on the creature's head twitched and two cat-like eyes stared at me.

"**Please, don't hurt me...**"

* * *

><p>AN: Please leave a review: let me know what you think of this prologue. See you soon!

2. The Wound

AN: Here is the first chapter! Hope you'll enjoy it!

Big thanks to Constantinus for beta-ing!

* * *

><p>The Wound

"**Please, don't hurt me...**"

The voice resembled that of a child, and was shaking as if it would break. I was frozen stiff and a chill ran down my spine. Our stares locked for the longest minute of my life. I felt scared, tired but also awkward. But how could I feel awkward? It wasn't a human being, but a dragon that was lying there in front of me. A mindless beast that only thought of killing and stealing food from Humans. But those eyes reflected fear and tiredness, two emotions I had never thought a dragon could express.

"Did...Did you talk?" I managed to voice out.

The dragon now looked surprised. He raised his eyebrows slightly and

his ears stood up on his head. It was almost funny to see a dragon with so many human-like features.

"**You understood me? But that's impossible...**" he said weakly.

There was no doubt now, the dragon talked. I was flabbergasted. What was even weirder was that his mouth didn't move. It seemed that he talked directly in my mind. Eidna told me once that some gifted humans could communicate that way. She called it Telepathy. I focused back on the dragon and his scaly face seemed to look at me expectantly, waiting for a confirmation that I did understand him. I nodded slowly. The dragon seemed stunned at my answer. I swear I even heard a gasp in my head. Then there was silence again, but it was soon broken.

"**Are you going to kill me?**" he asked anxiously.

Well that was a good question. Back at the village, they would have killed him without a second thought. It was the viking way : kill on sight. But should I kill him? I didn't even come here for that purpose in the first place, and I saved him from a horrible death when I killed that wolf. Should I leave him here? No. He would die of hunger or other wolves would come and finish the job. It was just a child and it couldn't even defend itself. But maybe it would grow into a fierce creature and kill me on the first occasion? The book of dragons said that if you encountered a Night Fury, your only chance was to pray and hope it doesn't find you. But this one was just a youth, so maybe I could train him? The least I could do was help him. It's not everyday you meet a talking dragon. So then the answer would be no. I shook my head and he looked taken aback. I could feel him trying to ask me why but he just didn't.

* * *

><p>I took a look at the gash and it seemed to have worsened. It looked like it was starting to be infected and the puddle of blood next to him was much bigger. Eidna was considered the healer of the village, and I was her apprentice. I knew exactly what to do. I knelt and gently raised my hand to examine the wound.<p>

"**Don't touch me!**" the dragon hissed. He tried to move away from me but it brought him great pain.

"That wound is very bad and it must be taken care of quickly. I know how to treat it," I told him. "Just stop moving, okay ?"

"**Stay away!**" he glared at me menacingly.

I knew that he would not let me treat his wound, so I stood up and pretended to walk away.

"**Wait!**" he roared.

Gotcha! I turned around and faced him. Were his eyes pleading?

"**I'll let you treat my w****ound. Please****,**" he begged.

I knelt down and inspected the wound. The blood was still flowing. He

was looking at it too.

"**Am I going to die?**" he asked, worried.

"No, of course not. I'll be right back," I answered him and ran back at the cove.

* * *

><p>I arrived at the cove, panting. The fire was still burning. I looked into my bag and took a small bottle of strong alcohol and bandages. I took my bloody shirt off and tore off some strips. I had everything I needed so I went back to the Night Fury.<p>

He looked pretty happy to see me.

"**You'****re back**," he smiled, relieved.

"Of course I am," I said softly.

"Stay still, this is going to hurt," I said as I soaked the bandages in the bottle.

He shut his eyes and clenched his teeth. I applied the bandages gently over the wound and he flinched. He also started to whimper. I then took the strips of my shirt and used them to keep the bandages pressed against the wound. I finished by trying a knot. He looked at my work and smiled.

"**Thank you**," he purred.

"My pleasure. Just don't scratch it," I informed him.

* * *

><p>I looked up at the sky and through the leaves I could see the moon high up in the heavens. There were no clouds and the stars were shining bright. On nights without raids, I used to stargaze with Eidna. She taught me some Astronomy, but in secret because the villagers thought that she was old and what she said was nonsense. I could recognize some of them. The brightest one was Sirius, Polaris the one that didn't move and I could even see Ulf's Keptr, my favorite constellation.<p>

"You should sleep, you must be exhausted," I suggested to him.

He yawned and rested his head on his paws. It made me remember that I was very tired too. Should I go back to the cove? No, I couldn't leave him alone here. There must still be wolves in the forest. After all I'd done, I couldn't let him die. I lay on the ground, on a soft moss patch.

A cold gust of wind blew and gave me shivers. I was cold again because I didn't have my shirt on anymore. I could feel the heat released by the Night Fury next to me. I lay against the warm and soft side of the dragon. He didn't mind and even purred a little louder. The burning pain in my chest disappeared and the rock wasn't blue after all, which was odd. I decided I'd figure it out later. I made myself comfortable and closed my eyes.

"What a day..." I sighed, before dozing off.

* * *

><p>AN: Thank you for reading! Please leave a review to let me know what you think!

See you soon!

3. Fish

****AN:**** Here is the second chapter! Thank you very much to those who favorited, followed and reviewed the story. I'll answer to the reviews before the chapter each time.

****details:**** Thank you for the constructive criticism, it means a lot. Don't worry! The details will be given in an appropriate situation. I talked about the necklace only for the intrigue, not to confuse you. Aslak will understand the powers of this object soon.

****Katrina Townsend:**** Thank you very much! I'm glad you like it.

Big thanks to Constantinus for beta-ing!

* * *

><p>Fish

I was woken up by loud laughs and shouts. I felt groggy.

"We finally caught a Night Fury!" cheered a viking.

"After all these years!" said another.

My eyes snapped open. Vikings. How did they get here? I tried to stand up but a man blocked me with his foot. I looked up in pain. It was my father.

"You're not goin' anywhere, you traitor!" he spat.

I looked around, trying to understand what was going on. What I saw made me want to scream. The Night Fury's head was on a stick and the vikings were all dancing happily around it. It almost looked like the dragon's eyes were staring at me, with an expression I couldn't describe. I was scared. I was horrified.

"Why did you kill him? He was just a...a..."

"A dragon," he cut me off. "And you know what? The sentence is the same for traitors, like you... Son." He said the last word like it hurt him. His facial expression was a mix of anger and disgust. His glaring blue eyes were terrifying. He looked evil.

"Yjoaln! " he shouted. "Bring me my axe!"

I gasped at the mention of my worst tormentor's name. He trotted over and brought the bloody axe to my father.

"Here you go, sir," he said sadistically, scowling at me with his piercing blue eyes. He moved a blond lock away from his face with a hand. That was his signature move.

My dad took the axe firmly in his hands and prepared to strike. He looked at me one last time and said :

"Away with the nuisance."

I closed my eyes and prepared to receive the fatal blow. It never came. Everything was suddenly silent. I opened my eyes. No one was there. There was no Yjoaln, no Vikings dancing and my father wasn't there, ready to kill me.

"Thank the gods, it was just a nightmare," I sighed relieved.

* * *

><p>I sat up and looked around. The dragon was gone! He must have run away. I felt sad about that, but a part of me said it was for the best. A human helping a dragon? I was probably the first viking to do such a thing. But I did not feel ashamed or stupid at all.<p>

I stood up and started to walk towards the cove. The sun seemed to be high up in the sky, from what I could see through the leaves. It wasn't warm but it wasn't cold either, so I didn't care so much about being shirtless.

When I arrived at the cove, what I saw surprised me but also made me feel very happy. The dragon was there, with his back to me, catching fish in the pond. I silently moved next to him. He finally noticed my presence and looked at me.

"**Hello,**" he said, smiling. "**I didn't wake you up, because I wanted to make you a surprise,**" he explained gesturing to the fish.

I still wasn't used to talking to a dragon so I hesitated a bit before asking him :

"Umm... Why would you make me a surprise?" I asked him confused.

"**For saving me from the wolf, not killing me and this,**" he answered, nuzzling the bloody bandages.

"Oh..." I said, a bit awkwardly.

I watched him plunge his head in the water, and return to the surface with a large fish in his mouth. He set it down next to the others. He was pretty good at it. I walked to my bag and took another metal tip, to make another spear. When I was finished, I started to walk back next to him.

He turned to face me and eyed me carefully.

"**What are you doing?**"

"I want to try to fish too. It looks fun!" I said, forcing a bit of a smile. I'm sure I looked ridiculous.

I moved next to the water and waited patiently for a fish to come. The dragon was looking at me curiously. Finally a fish swam next to the shore and I tried to catch it with my spear. I failed miserably. I even managed to fall in the water, and scare all the fish away. The dragon was making some weird noises. I turned my head towards him. Was he laughing? Yes, that was definitely laughing. I looked at him, annoyed. Well at least someone was having fun. I picked the spear up and this time I aimed for a fish pretty far from us.

"We'll see who will be laughing," I mumbled.

I threw the spear with all my force. It seemed to have hit! I quickly ran into the water to take a look. I picked the spear up again, but this time there were three fish impaled on it.

"Yes! I did it!" I yelled proudly.

"**Wow, that was impressive,**" the dragon said, amazed.

* * *

><p>I walked back to the shore and placed two of the fish I had caught next to his. I left one on the spear. I removed the metal tip and put the stick over the remains of the fire. I set a few branches on it and began rubbing a stick on dry wood. The dragon was curious about what I was doing and sat on his haunches next to the fire.<p>

"**What are you doing?**" he asked.

"I'm making a fire," I explained to him.

"**That's not how you do it. Here, let me try,**" he proposed.

"Alright," I sighed.

He effortlessly shot a purple fire blast in the branches. Big flames quickly emerged from them. Oh right... I completely forgot about the fire breathing thing. Well, I felt pretty stupid about that one. Luckily he did not seem to care. He looked at the fish, and seemed to be confused.

"**Why do you burn it? It'll be disgusting,**" he said eying the fish repulsively.

"To be honest, I don't really know why, but I guess it has something to do with human digestion," I answered him. I had never thought about it until that moment.

"**Why don't you try it raw? You'll see by yourself,**" he suggested to me.

That didn't sound like a stupid idea after all. There could be plenty of occasions where making a fire would be impossible. Maybe fish even tastes better that way.

He pushed a fish next to me with his paw and looked at me expectantly. I grabbed the fish in my hands. It was slimy but it

didn't smell so bad. I took a small bite and chewed. It tasted completely different then when cooked, but both were good. After a few bites the dragon seemed to be happy that I had listened to his advice. He started to devour his fish. I finished my fish but my stomach seemed to be unsatisfied. I took another one in the pile and started eating it. The Night Fury gave me an _I told you so_ smirk. I rolled my eyes, pretending to be annoyed. I wondered, what was his name? I couldn't call him dragon; that would be ridiculous.

* * *

><p>AN: I hope you enjoyed this chapter as much as I did! Feel free to leave a review and tell me what you'd like to see.

See you soon!

4. Names

****AN: ****Here's chapter 3. Hope you like it!

10 Favorites and follows, more than 900 clicks on this story! Thank you so much!

Guest: Thanks for the review! Hopefully he doesn't get any of that.

**LorreVarguhl: **Thank you for the support!

Big thanks to Constantinus for beta-ing!

* * *

><p>Names

"So, umm you know, I was kind of wondering... What's your name?" I asked the dragon awkwardly.

His ears perked up at the question. He seemed pretty excited about it, which was pretty funny.

I was going to ask you the same question!" he laughed. "***Oh, I have two names. Einskis virÃ°i barn and Khal,**" he said more seriously. He seemed upset saying the first one.

"What does the first one mean? It's rather long for a name."

It means 'The Worthless Child'," he said sadly.

"What? Who would call his child like that?" I demanded of him, outraged.

Vikings sometimes gave stupid names to their children like "Yackbreath" or "Mole-eyes", to scare Trolls away, but no one would call them "Worthless". That was harsh and insulting.

That's not the name my parents gave me. That's my Nestname*,**" he answered bitterly.

"What do you mean by Nestname? That's how your friends call you?" I asked him, concerned.

"**No my friends don't call me that. Because, well... I don't have any,**" he said, with his eyes watering. "**The other dragons in the Nest thought I was only a nuisance, a pest. That's why I ran away,**" he explained. He sounded like he was about to break down, which I could have understood.

"That's horrible! Wait, you said you ran away?" If that was true, then I had a lot in common with him.

"**Yes. For what other reason would a dragon of my age be alone in the woods?**" he asked rhetorically.

He lay his head between his paws and pushed the fish he was eating earlier away. The sudden turn of the conversation had taken away his appetite. Then the last thing I ever expected a dragon would do happened. He cried.

I got up and slowly walked towards him. He soon noticed that.

"**Leave me alone!**" he sobbed.

"No, I won't. It's my fault, I shouldn't have asked that question. I'm sorry." I comforted him. You know, some people at my village hated me because I was the elder's favorite, from the day I was born until the day I left. They bullied me and called me a runt, and my father didn't care in the slightest bit. I think he was the worst of them all. Since the day my mother died, he only cared about his fishing boats."

He had stopped crying during my story. I felt sad, but at the same time I felt relieved. Sometimes it's good to just let it all out. I sat next to him.

"**I'm sorry**," he told me.

"You don't have to be. All of this is behind me now, and I can start a new life. Maybe even here, in this forest," I said, trying to lighten the depressive atmosphere.

"Oh, and to answer your question, my name is Aslak," I added.

"**That's a nice name**." he smiled.

"Not as nice as Khal," I joked.

He wasn't sad anymore, which made me happy. I then took a look at my pants ; they were dirty and a bloody stench came from them. I was going to take a bath in the pond, and wash them by the way.

* * *

><p>I let myself float on the fresh water. The swirl created by the waterfall made small waves that carried me gently across the pond. I could feel the fish swimming under me. It was so relaxing. I closed my eyes and let the time pass. It was late in the afternoon when I

decided to go back on the shore. My pants were still slightly stained with blood but the smell and the dirt had gone away.<p>

I also washed my boots so I let them dry next to the fire. I hung my trousers on a tree branch and grabbed new clothes from my bag.

I sat next to the fire. Khal was napping across from me. He looked so peaceful in his sleep. I decided to draw him. I took a hollow stick and put some charcoal in it. I started sketching him on one of the papers I had brought. The sound of the scratching pencil caught his attention and he moved to sit close to me. He sniffed the paper, then stayed silent and watched me finish my work. I blew the remains of charcoal away and admired my drawing proudly. It was probably one of my best.

"**It's amazing,**" he whispered.

"Thanks," I smiled.

He stood up and sat a few meters away from me to face me. He started scribbling in the ground with his claws. He looked up a few times and continued his work, with his tongue sticking out a little. He was concentrated on drawing. He was imitating me, which was pretty cute. When he was finished, he blew on the dirt and smiled. I walked over to take a look. There was a small stick-man with a big shape next to him. It seemed that they were both smiling.

"**This is you, and this is me****.**" He pointed at each of them.
"**Do you like it?*"

"It's beautiful," I said, impressed.

"**Thank you****,**" he purred, nudging my arm. It was the first time he had touched me.

I stroked his head gently. The scaly surface was very soft and smooth. He didn't flinch at the touch. He cooed instead.

The burning sensation in my chest started again. It was much more painful than the first time.

"Ahhh!" I screamed, throwing the necklace away. It was still glowing blue.

Khal sniffed it and said something. Well, I guess he said something but the only thing I heard was clicks, warbles and small growls.

"I can't understand you."

He cocked his head to the side and seemed to be pondering for a moment. His ears perked up, as if he suddenly understood the reason and gestured to the necklace. I picked it up carefully, trying not to burn myself again. It wasn't hot, but very cold. The glowing light was blinding for half a second then returned to its normal black color.

"What in Thor's name was that?"

"**I have no idea, but that glowing thing is a Night Fury scale****,**" Khal stated.

"I can understand you!" I shouted excitedly.

"**It has something to do with that****.**" He eyed the necklace.

"You said it's a Night Fury scale? Eidna told me it was a "Special Rock" to chase away bad spirits when she gave it to me."

"**Well, it isn't. And who's Eidna?**" he asked.

"She's the elder of my village. You know, I told you about her," I reminded him.

She also told me it had great powers beyond my imagination, but I always thought it was a fable. I put the necklace back on.

"I hope it doesn't burn me again. It hurts badly," I said, nervously.

"**Human skin is weak,**" he joked.

"Easy for you to say! You are covered in fireproof scales," I replied.

He snorted at the comment.

All of a sudden, thunder burst in the distance. It made the dragon jump.

"Scared of the thunder?" I snickered.

He glared at me, annoyed, and stuck his tongue out playfully.

The sun was going to set in a couple hours and dark threatening clouds came in our direction. We had to find a shelter for the night, or build one.

* * *

><p>AN: Thank you for reading !

See you soon!

5. Memories

AN: Sorry for those who could not read the last chapter yesterday. FFN glitched and it wouldn't show up.

TrilogyRhymes: Thanks for the support!

Big thanks to Constantinus for beta-ing!

* * *

><p>Memories **

We went into the forest to cut and collect wood to be our shelter. I glanced at Khal's bandages.

"You know, I can do this alone. You should not move too much with that wound," I told him, worried.

"**I'll be okay. It doesn't even hurt anymore,**" he assured me.

"Let me take a look," I asked skeptically.

He stopped walking and I bent down to take off the bandages carefully. To my amazement, the wound was closed and almost completely healed. It would leave a scar though.

"It's almost healed! How is it possible?" I declared.

"**Normally dragons lick the wound to heal it: our saliva has great healing properties**," he explained. "**I guess what you did sped up the process.**" He looked at me gratefully.

"Dragons never cease to amaze me," I said, impressed.

We kept walking until we found trees of a good size. I had brought a small axe with me. I chopped down a few trees into logs. I kept some branches, they could be useful to build tools or weapons.

I placed the logs on Khal's back and he blocked them between his wings. He seemed to be stronger than I expected.

"Are you sure that's not too much?" I asked him, concerned.

"**Stop worrying so much,**" he smiled.

I clutched the remaining logs in my arms and we went back to the cove.

* * *

><p>We did a few trips back and then started building a cabin. I sawed a few logs to make planks and started by doing laying the floor. Khal was digging holes, as I instructed him to. After an hour, I was finally finished. Khal had also done a great job: there were deep holes all around the base of the construction, to build the walls. I took the longest logs and placed them into the pits. I had just finished the first wall when it started pouring. I quickly grabbed my bag and pulled my pants off the branch where they hung.<p>

"**Over here!**" Khal shouted.

He was on a rocky surface next to the waterfall. I didn't have time to think so I ran as fast as I could. The rain drops were falling so violently on my head I could have sworn I heard them echo in my brain. When I joined him, he pointed to a small entrance behind the chute. We quickly took refuge in it. Inside, I took a look around. It was a small cavern, big enough to fit both of us. I sat against the wall and Khal lay next to me, with his tail cuddled against my legs.

"I'm so cold," I wheezed, shivering.

The dragon pressed himself against me, and wrapped his wing around my shoulder. I wished there was a fire nearby. The scale on my necklace suddenly glowed blue, but less intensely. It also didn't burn for once. I felt warmer, as if there were flames in my body. I stopped shivering and after a minute, I was breathing normally. It was unnatural ; I should have caught a cold. I even felt better. I sighed in pleasure at the warm feeling. It was coming from this necklace. The dragon suddenly looked at me with concerned eyes.

"**You're hot! Are you sick?**"

"No, thanks to that," I showed him the glowing scale.

He cocked his head to the side.

"**Why is it glowing blue again?**" he asked, confused.

I explained him what had just happened. He was fascinated. He eyed the necklace quizzically.

"**Do you think that this scale grants wishes? Could you try?**" he requested excitedly.

I closed my eyes and wished for the rain to stop. I waited a few seconds. It was still raining. I tried again and repeated the wish multiple times, holding the scale in my hand. It wasn't working.

"I wished for this deluge to stop," I said looking at the rain through the small entrance. I smiled half heartedly.

"**Oh...**" he moaned, disappointed.

* * *

><p>The cavern was becoming darker. The sun was probably setting. Luckily there were some dead branches on the ground. I stood up and gathered some of them into a pile.<p>

"Do you mind..."

I was cut off by a sudden fire blast. The flames were dancing in the branches and illuminated the whole grotto.

"**You're welcome,**" he smirked.

I sat back next to him and stretched.

"The rain will probably last all night. We should sleep," I suggested.

He nodded and rested his head on my lap. I petted his head gently. He seemed to love it. Especially when I scratched him behind the ears. His purr resounded in the cavern.

"**Good night,**" he whispered softly.

"Good night, Khal."

* * *

><p>He fell asleep quickly. He looked so happy and peaceful. Something kept nudging my mind. This dragon was my closest friend. He was also my first real friend. Eidna didn't count as a friend to me. I considered her more like a caring mother. The other kids at the village didn't want to hang out with me because I was weird to them. I preferred taking a walk in the woods to sketch landscapes or animals over pretending to kill dragons with wooden swords or even talk about it. I never truly hated dragons. I hated vikings. The day my mother died, it was during a raid. Everyone accused the dragons of course. But I was there and I'd seen everything.<p>

I was on the balcony. She was at the top floor of our house searching for me when it caught fire. I tried to reach her but the huge flames were encircling her. Her screams alerted a Monstruous Nightmare. He flew next to my window and landed on the roof. He was searching for her and looked around frantically. A part of the roof broke under his weight and he landed in my room. I watched with horror as he approached her. But I saw the pity in his eyes. He didn't attack. He tried to break a wall with his claws so she could escape instead. He was about to succeed when the building collapsed. I fell off the balcony and landed a few meters away from the remains of the house. The Nightmare was severely injured and couldn't fly away, or even move. My father quickly ran over and fell to his knees when he saw the burning body of his wife. He cried in despair. When he noticed the dying dragon, he threw his axe at his head. I closed my eyes and covered my eyes but I still heard the sickening crunch. I was only seven when this happened. From that day, I never saw the dragons the same way, but I still doubted. I finally told myself they were only mindless beasts and tried to move on.

The soft snores of the dragon brought me back to reality. The collar was glowing faintly, as if it mourned with me. I closed my eyes and leaned my head against the hard wall. I shook away the depressing thoughts and fell asleep rather quickly.

* * *

><p>AN: **Thank you for reading! Next chapter will be out soon!**

6. Reunited

AN: **Thank you so much for all the support! ****I answered the questions by PM btw.**

Big thanks to Constantinus for beta-ing!

* * *

><p> Reunitied

I was woken up by a ray of sunlight that cut through the small entrance directly into my eyes. I covered them with my hand quickly. I could hear the birds chirping. Khal was still sleeping soundly on my lap. I wanted to get up but didn't want to disturb him, so I gently lifted his head and moved away slowly. I then grabbed my bag with one hand, with my other one still under his chin. I made a pile of clothes and pillowed his head with it. He stretched a little but was still asleep. I sighed, relieved, and walked out of the

cavern.

The sun had just passed the mountains and the sky was slightly purple. The level of the water in the pond was higher than yesterday. I walked on the soaked grass towards the construction of our cabin. I sat on the humid wooden floor and pressed my head against my palm. I thought about what I could do before Khal might wake. My rumbling stomach gave the answer: breakfast. Near where I chopped the trees down, there were shrubs full of fruits. I made myself another spear, just in case. I had to be careful; there were probably wolves or even bears out there.

* * *

><p>When I finally arrived, there was a little surprise. Well, it would rather be a big surprise considering there was a doe grazing a few dozens of meters away from me. She had not noticed me. I crouched silently and thought about the options I had. I could let her go, take some fruits and fish at the cove or kill her and bring her back to the cove. The second option seemed to be trickier, but if I wanted to live in the wild I had to learn how to deer-hunt. Such an opportunity would not present itself anytime soon. I clutched my spear and moved silently on the side to have a better view on the doe. She suddenly turned her head to the side. Her ears were twitching. She darted off deeper in the forest at full speed. I quickly threw the spear with all my strength, but it was of no use.<p>

"At least I still have the other option." I said, a bit disappointed.

I started walking towards the fruits when a I felt a sudden sharp stabbing pain in the top of one foot. I stumbled to the ground. There was an arrow piercing my ankle.

"I found him!" a voice shouted.

A burly man jumped over the shrubs and ran towards me, with a bow in his hands. I recognized him immediately: he was Akar, the second in command of Helgg. Two other men joined him, gasping for air. There were Bjorn and Ulfrik, two warriors of the tribe. I realized it was a search party, sent for me. Of all the things that could happen, that was the one I feared the most. Well, it was what every viking feared the most, because it meant you were in very deep trouble.

"Finally. I'm exhausted," panted Ulfrik.

"All this running wasn't for nothing after all," added Bjorn.

"W-What are you doing here?" I asked, in pain.

"Aslak, we arrest you in the name of the viking law, for high treason."

I was going to ask what I had done but I already knew the answer. Leaving the village was considered a heinous crime. And was punished by death.

They tied my hands behind my back and dragged me to their horses. I

tried to struggle but then I received a huge blow on the head. Everything became dark as I fell into unconsciousness.

* * *

><p>I was woken up by a bucket of water dumped over my head. The water was so cold I nearly had a heart attack. I was in a dark room.<p>

"Wake up, you vermin!" yelled Ulfrik.

"Where am I?" I croaked, still in shock.

He kicked in my injured ankle. The pain was unbearable. I felt a tear roll down my cheek as I screamed in agony.

"Shut up! Next time I'll crush it!"

I clenched my teeth. I was whimpering and I couldn't control it.

"You have a visitor," he said, and left the room.

My eyes were starting to adjust to the darkness. I looked around in panic. I was in Helgg's prison. He said I had a visitor; I hoped it was Eidna.

A tall man stepped into the cell. He had long black hair and beard. He was looking at me with a saddened expression.

"Son..." he whispered, kneeling down. I was scared and prepared for the worst. I expected shouts, or even a slap but instead he just stared at me blankly.

"Do you realize what you've done?" he asked softly, looking me straight in the eyes.

I was confused. This was not usual for him to act this way. I nodded slowly in answer and looked away in shame and guilt.

"The Village's Assembly summons you tonight, for your trial. You risk the death penalty," he said in a serious, but broken voice.

The last time he acted like that was on mom's funeral day. I remembered my father using his only fishing boat at the time, to honor her even in death. I remembered the boat on fire, sinking into the deep ocean slowly. I remembered everything like it was yesterday.

"This is all my fault," he sighed. "All these years I didn't pay you any attention. I didn't care about you. I'm so sorry."

I looked at him, and his facial expression was sincere. I was touched by his apology. I had waited for this day for so long, but I finally told myself it couldn't happen. But here he was, in this cell apologizing. I felt bad for us both that it had to happen in such circumstances.

"When Iria died, I was destroyed. I tried to avoid because you reminded me of her in too many ways: you kept thinking differently

than others and dreamed about adventure. I didn't realize how much pain I brought to you. I made you run away, and now you will probably die because of it," he muttered.

There were no words to tell him how I felt. I was like the world was lifted off my shoulders. I hugged him hard, and he seemed to be as surprised as I way of the gesture. We had both forgotten that after all these years, we still loved each other deep inside. I was reunited with my father.

"Time's over!" barked Ulfrik.

My dad stood up and walked away. He turned to face me.

"See you tonight, son," he told me before leaving.

Another guard came to put a plate of bread in the cell. Ulfrik closed and locked the door. The key creaked against the rusty keyhole.

I lay on a pile of straw. It itched a little but I didn't care. I thought of Khal. He must have thought I had abandoned him. At least the vikings didn't find him. I don't even want to think about what would have happened if they had. I looked at my necklace : the scale was glowing and illuminated the whole cell. I guessed it was because of the reunification.

I thought about the trial. My only chance of survival at this trial would be Eidna, but I doubted the village would listen to her. Staying with the tribe at all times was a sacred rule in Helgg. A stupid rule in my opinion.

* * *

><p>"Get up! It's time for your trial!" a guard yelled.<p>

* * *

><p>AN: Thank you for reading and see you soon!**

End
file.